

# Arizona Weekly Enterprise.

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FLORENCE, PINAL COUNTY, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1888.

NUMBER 10.

**W. C. SMITH,**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN  
**GENERAL MERCHANDISE.**  
FORWARDING  
— AND —  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
**Casa Grande, A. T.**  
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MARK GOODS "CARE OF W. C. S., CASA GRANDE, A. T."

Barley, Chopped Feed, Potatoes, Flour, Beans, Bacon  
and everything needed by  
**MINERS AND TEAMSTERS,**  
kept constantly on hand, and will not be undersold.  
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**IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE GROCERS,**  
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Agents for the Celebrated Victoria Water.  
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Imported Key West and Domestic Cigars on hand.  
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A Shop in which all kinds of Machine Repairing can be done.  
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Mill Mine and Ranch Supplies, Barbed Wire and Iron Roofing.  
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**Wines, Liquors and Cigars,**  
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Only First-Class Goods Sold.  
DEALERS IN OUTSIDE TOWNS AND CAMPS SUPPLIED AT REASONABLE PRICES.

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Dealer in  
**Lumber, Timbers Builders' Materials.**  
— OF EVERY DESCRIPTION —  
**CASA GRANDE ARIZONA.**  
ORDERS FROM FLORENCE, PINAL, SILVER KING, AND MINING CAMPS PROMPTLY SUPPLIED AT LOWEST PRICES. A fine stock of Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, etc., always on hand.

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Particular attention given to the Sale of Country property, including Stock Ranges and Lands Suitable for Colonization. Abstracts furnished and Loans Negotiated. Catalogues of properties furnished on application. We refer by permission to Kales & Lewis, Bankers, and the Valley Bank of Phoenix, Phoenix, Arizona.

**H. S. BRIDGE & CO.,**  
**MERCHANT TAILORS.**  
103 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.  
(N. W. Corner Sutter St., up Stairs.)  
FINEST LINE OF GOODS ON THE COAST—A FINE FIT GUARANTEED.  
SHIRTS TO ORDER A SPECIALTY  
BRANCH OFFICE AT PHENIX, ARIZONA.

**CONCEIT.**  
The shallow brack  
That o'er its pebbles, brawling, runs away,  
And turns with every break of land or stone,  
Vexing the dear with playful, heedless, humors,  
While but from straw it carries,  
Knows not the deep, still lake so near,  
That, silent, covers its unnumbered bed,  
While on its broad breast, to and fro,  
The thousand sails of commerce go,  
So our lives.

**A LOVE SICK PANTHER.**  
"It's me a sayin' of it ez shouldn't,  
Squire," remarked the Old Settler, "but  
hist'ry's got to be kep' straight, and  
consequently I'll hev to own up t'w'en I  
were young I were a teardrop 'bout the  
gals it was to be so 'round the Sugar  
Swamp deestrie 't'w' it was any gals  
with their hearts cracked w'ith an old  
chany teapot the crackin' of 'em. b'gosh,  
were laid right s'quar' to me, ev'ry time,  
were Suse Livings'oon. Suse's left  
eye had a way o' a'way' 'round to wind-  
ard, an' she were a leetle sot in her ways;  
but one year I took to shinin' with her  
all the doin's t'w' it was. Bimbley the  
other gals felt to pinin', an' I felt sorry  
for 'em an' made up my mind t'w'en I  
wouldn't be no more."

"Suse were so durn cool an' positive  
'bout it t'w' it was a teardrop to the  
ruff o' my mouth. I got it down pooty soon  
an' says:  
"Suse," says I, "we'll drop this right  
here. I'll allus be a brother to ye."  
"Brother be durned," says Suse. "I've  
got seven brothers already, jist seven  
more t'w' it was. I want, I want, I want  
pinin' for a feller to cuddle up agin' an'  
to pay for my callin'. I've sot my heart  
out to you, ye sayin' 'an' t'w' it was no  
more to you. Ye kin galavant Mag Mc-  
Jaggors t'w' it was, 's'ays, but that's  
his last. A week I'm Tootsy you an' me  
is one."

"Suse's squeezed eye shifted to the  
windard a leetle more'n ever, but her  
countenance showed no sign of distress,  
an' she went on as usual, but pinin' straight  
for him. I shouldered my gun an' strook  
for the woods. I never stopped till I got  
by beyond Wild Gander ridge, an' then I  
pitched my tent, so to speak, an' 'bout  
the bars an' the water an' the painters  
I found peace, till one day I turned  
twenty feet down a ledge, losin' my gun  
an' wrenching my leg so I couldn't  
stan' up. I drug myself 'long the foot o'  
the ledge till I came to an open spot, an'  
then I found a couple of good sized caves  
in the rock. It went agin' on t'w' it was  
I pulled one of the caves to stay till  
mornin', w'en I thought I could drag back  
to my cabin. I don't know how long I  
slep, but w'en I woke the cave were all  
of a tremble. It didn't take me long to  
figure out w'at made it. 'T'w' it was a  
painter's sleighin' 'long o' me in that cave,  
an' jist more th'n purrin'!"

"I'm safer here, b'gosh," says I.  
"But how I did wish for little Domine  
Ripper, o' Lost Crow Barren! The little  
domine never weighed more'n ninety  
pound in his life, an' he was as light as  
a bar' cub, an' he allus were buckskin  
breaches. But leetle as he were, wasn't  
he a howler at distracted meetin's! He  
could pound the power into a six-foot-  
four sinner quicker'n I could run down  
a rife ball, an' he'd lay t'w' it was the  
rattin' 'bout o' that paint' er t'w' it was  
the little domine, not ez I thought he  
could rescue me, but 'cause I kinder  
wanted to get some pints ez to my chances  
an' I had said out 'is this vale o' tears  
an' 'mornin' kum a meakin' inter the cave  
an' 'mornin' kum a meakin' inter the cave  
an' stretched half way 'cross the  
cave, an' then gaped an' showed me the  
openin' inter w'ch I thought I'd properly be  
passin' ez soon ez the paint' er were ready  
for breakfast." Then the paint' er tip toed  
over to me. It put its fore paws on me  
an' looked plumb in my face. 'T'w' it was  
nothin' ugly lookin' in its eyes, but 't'w' it  
was that they were ez soft an' laughin' ez  
a gal's is w'en ye ast her if she'll go to the  
candy parl'. The paint' er were a big s'be  
one, an' arter lookin' at me for a minute  
she walked out. I kinder felt easier. I  
couldn't git on my feet yet, so I drug my  
self outside. The paint' er sot on the  
ground a few feet away. She acted shy,  
an' ez she'd ketch my eye her'd I drop ez  
bashful ez you ever see.

"Well, ez I begun to feel safe, I got  
hungry. 'T'w' it was nothin' in the  
paint' er's larder, an' I thort to m'elf t'w' it  
the paint' er most jist ez well as he'd  
chawed me up ez to let me set her an' starve  
to death. While I were waitin' with my  
stomick, the paint' er ris up an' went  
boundin' away t'w' it was Lost Crow Barren.  
She were gone for a couple hours, an' then  
she kim boundin' back agin' an' fetched  
with her a nice fat lamb!"

"Hain't this paint' er actin' a leetle  
queer?" I says. "Or is this the way they  
do w'en they hev company?"  
"I didn't stop to argy, but in less time  
t'w' it was I kin tell, squire, them woods  
was belted so tight with their rust o'f' roost  
lamb. The paint' er kep' a glancin' at me  
outen a corner of her eye. She stayed by  
me all day, an' 'fore night she'd got over  
her bashfulness, an' were settin' 'long  
'long side o' me, lookin' inter my face ez  
gentle ez a fawn, an' a purrin' like a cat  
on the hearth, only twenty times louder.  
"To cut this contribution to a nat'l  
hist'ry short, squire, afore night the nex'  
day the 'stoundin' truth bustin' in on me,  
an' I felt like t'w' it was my hair an' thumpin'  
my head agin the rocks.  
"Two 's'cept fin Suse an' the gals o'  
Sugar Swamp," says I, "I kinced away,  
b'gosh, I'm their love in the clearin', an'  
were findin' peace in the wilderness," says  
I, "an' now w'at do I strike? A paint' er,  
says I, 'A female paint' er sees me, an'  
arter seein' me,' says I, 'sees an' falls

heels over head and dead in love with me!  
Gosh!-mighty!" I says; "Hain't none o'  
the sex proof agin me?"  
When the truth so popped on me I were  
bruidin' a snare to ketch some big trout I  
had seen in a brook nigh the cave. Havin'  
no string, I had chopped with my jack-  
knife a lock o' half often my head to braid  
an' twist inter a piece long an' strong  
enough to make a snare. The lock I  
had put in a flat tin 't'w' it was a  
t'w' it was gherly carried by a buckskin string  
round my neck, so I couldn't lose it.  
The discovery o' the paint' er's hankerin' for me  
knocked all hankerin' for trout outen me,  
an' I limped away to think it over, leavin'  
the box w'at it laid.

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**Saved.**  
The other day a man was walking slowly  
up Miami avenue and encountered a man  
walking hurriedly down. They ran into each  
other, both drew off, and apologized, and the  
one who was walking slowly said to the other  
who was walking hurriedly:  
"I've been so mad all the morning I  
couldn't see straight."  
"Nothing serious, I hope?"  
"Well, my wife had some photos taken and  
the artist made a botch job. I'm now on my  
way to punch his head."  
"Can I see them?"  
"Yes, so am I," said the other to himself as  
he went on.  
"My friend, you are way off. The work is  
well done, and you ought to be proud of your  
wife's looks."  
"Do you mean it?"  
"Certainly. There are not ten as hand  
some women in Detroit."  
"Sho?"  
"Well, fact, and the work is that of a  
real artist. You should be more than satis-  
fied."  
"Well, I declare! I guess I've been too  
hasty, and I'll drop the matter right here.  
Glad I didn't punch the photographer's  
head."  
"Yes, so am I," said the other to himself as  
he went his way.  
It was the artist himself.—Detroit Free  
Press.

**Taste, Not Necessity.**  
Philanthropy (in the office of an old  
friend, a building contractor)—John, if I had  
been a rich man, I should have been a  
philanthropist. I should have been a  
successful builder—Blood money! What do  
you mean?  
"Look at these house plans you're studying  
over now, miserable hovels, twenty in a row,  
pecked so close together that not even a fly  
could get between them, horrible little  
things, with no room to stretch out in,  
no chance for air, cleanliness or anything  
else. Is it any wonder people crowded to-  
gether that way get steeped in vice and  
degradation, any wonder the unfortunate  
poor—"  
"Poor! Great Caesar, man, the plans are  
for rich men's cottages at summer resorts."  
"Oh!—Omaha World.

**The Point of It.**  
Jones had married the prettiest woman in  
town and Brown had married the homeliest  
and thought she was beautiful. One evening  
they were talking about their respective  
wives, and B. remarked:  
"I say, Jones, I think you and I married  
the two prettiest women in town."  
Jones looked at him in surprise a moment,  
but he saw he was serious.  
"Well," he replied, cautiously, and with  
pride, "I guess you are about half right, old  
fellow."  
Brown didn't see the point until he told his  
wife.—Washington Critic.

**Deafness a Pleasure.**  
"I am told, sir, that you are quite hard of  
hearing."  
"Your information was correct, but what  
about it?"  
"I can cure deafness in a month, and if I  
can't cure you I will charge nothing."  
"Well, I wouldn't be cured for a thousand  
dollars."  
"You wouldn't? Why not?"  
"My daughter plays the piano."—Nebraska  
State Journal.

**At Old Dicks Comfort.**  
Young Lady (in hotel office, uneasily wait-  
ing for uniform and buttons to come over  
from the forti)—Why doesn't that man come  
down? I don't want to sit around here all morning  
holding my hands.  
Clock—Clicking, but build—Um—er—I beg  
your pardon, Miss, but if it would be any ac-  
commodation I could hold your hands for  
you.—Washington Critic.

**Another Superstition.**  
Ancient Dame—No, indeed, we'll not cele-  
brate our diamond wedding, not with my  
consent, it's unlucky.  
Husband—Now, don't be so superstitious.  
"It's no. I remember half a dozen couples  
who celebrated diamond weddings and they  
didn't any of 'em live ten years."—Omaha  
World.

**Who They Were For.**  
Examiner (to grumbling medical student)  
—If you should make a mistake and give a  
patient an overdose of tannic acid what  
would you do?  
Student—Try to buy up the corner.—Chi-  
cago Tribune.

**No Time to Lose.**  
Examiner (to grumbling medical student)  
—If you should make a mistake and give a  
patient an overdose of tannic acid what  
would you do?  
Student—Try to buy up the corner.—Chi-  
cago Tribune.

**A Family Man.**  
"Are you a man of family, sir?" he said to  
a timid little chap, who had a nervous  
look about him.  
"Yes, sir," was the reply: "my wife has  
a husband and four children."—New York  
Sun.

**A Light Luncheon.**  
A customer (to waiter)—Here, John, take  
my order. Beef soup, cup of coffee, roast  
lamb, baked beans, onions, tomatoes, en-  
crotements, mince pie—be it spiced with  
my train leaves in five minutes.—Life.

**A Bloody Tragedy at Every Clip.**  
Sardou will have to look to his laurels as a  
prolific producer of plays. There is a Park  
way barber who every time he shaves you  
brings out a new piece.—Judge.

**A Homely Admiration.**  
A certain married couple in the city of Bur-  
lington has a very thin wife. The boys have  
nicknamed them "enough" and "too spare."  
Burlington Free Press.

**Appropriate.**  
Some tramp recently decorated, in the  
night, the great door of St. Sig (N. Y.)  
prison with the legend, "Sing Sing while you  
wait."—Exchange.

**Lincoln as a Rail Splitter.**  
Leonard V. Volk, the Chicago sculptor,  
says that once when taking a plaster cast  
of President Lincoln's hands he detected  
a scar on the left thumb. Noticing that  
it had attracted his attention the presi-  
dent said: "You have heard me called a  
rail splitter; well, one day while shap-  
ing a wedge on a log the axe glanced  
off and nearly took the end of my thumb  
off. That's the scar."—New York Post.

**Geography in Blackville.**  
Teacher—"I have here a hemisphere, which  
is half of an orange. Now, what have I?"  
Pupil—Georgia.—A half of an orange, Miss  
Kate.—Chicago Cracker.

## A NOTED HORSE GONE.

**Dexter, Once the World's Fastest Trotter,  
Has Passed Away.**  
The great Trotter is dead.  
He died recently of old age in the stables  
of Robert Bonner, at New York, having  
lived exactly thirty years. The body was  
sent by Mr. Bonner to Tarrytown to be  
buried in a choice spot on his farm there.  
But no stone will mark the spot where  
Dexter lies. Mr. Bonner draws the line  
in monuments at horses.

Dexter was foaled in 1858. He was got  
by Hambletonian out of a little black mare  
by American Star, and she was out of  
Shank's dam. Dexter was a brown gelding  
of rich color, with four white legs and a  
blaze in his face. He was fifteen hands  
and one inch high, long for his inches,  
deep through the heart and very powerful  
in his loins and quarters. His head, neck  
and eyes were good, and he had capital  
oblique shoulders, and good legs and feet.  
He was bred by Jonathan Hawkins, of  
Montgomery, Orange county, N. Y.

In 1862 the late Mr. George Alvey went  
out to Orange county to look at the colt,  
not then broken. Being fascinated with  
the appearance of the animal Mr. Alvey  
bought him for \$400, and sent him to New  
York. He was broken by his owner, and  
soon after sent to a professional  
trainer, John Mingo, and afterwards to  
Hiram Woodruff.

Mr. Woodruff trotted Dexter a mile in  
2:42, and soon after in 2:34. Dexter made  
his first race on May 4, 1864, at the Bush  
course for a purse of \$100. There were  
twelve entries and four starters, including  
Dexter, Stonewall Jackson of New York,  
a fast bay gelding the chestnut mare  
Lady Collins, and Gen. Grant, a brown

gelding. The trot was mile heats, three  
in five, in harness. Hiram Woodruff drove  
Dexter, and when they got off in the first  
heat, at once took the lead with him.  
Dexter won the first heat easily in 2:38,  
and the others in 2:36 and 2:34, respec-  
tively.

This was the beginning of a series of  
triumphs. On Aug. 14, 1867, at Buffalo,  
in the presence of Mr. Bonner and Mr.  
Fawcett, Dexter was driven by Budd  
Doble to beat his own time. He was given  
one round of preparatory, and did it in  
2:24. At 4 o'clock he came in the track  
in harness, accompanied by the mare  
Charlotte F., with Ben Marie in the saddle.  
He trotted the first quarter in 34 seconds,  
the half in 1:07, and the mile in 2:14, the  
best record he ever made.

Dexter had been sold but not delivered  
to Mr. Bonner for \$35,000. The sale after  
this race became known, and Mr. Bonner  
retired him from the track.

Dexter's record has since been broken  
by a few seconds, but the track on which  
he made 2:14 was 27 feet 8 inches over  
the mile, and there have been improve-  
ments since in sulkies and horse trotting  
paraphernalia generally.

**William B. Dinsmore.**  
Tucson, Dec. 11, 1887.  
Mr. Strauss the Superintendent of  
Public Instruction has made the fol-  
lowing arrangements with the Rail  
Roads and Stage Lines in the Ter-  
ritory for teachers and those con-  
nected with the cause of education to at-  
tend the annual meeting of the National Ed-  
ucational Association in San Francisco,  
Oct. 17-20. The Arizona and New Mexico  
Railroad Co. from Clifton to Lordsburg,  
the New Mexico and Arizona  
Railroad Co. from Nogales to Benson,  
the Maricopa & Phoenix Railroad, the  
Prescott & Arizona Central Railway  
Company will charge one fare for the  
round trip over their lines. The Tex-  
as & California Stage Co. between  
Florence and Casa Grande and the Nor-  
ton stage line between Wilcox and  
Grant will pass all teachers free; all  
other lines between Graham County  
and the Atlantic and Pacific are to issue  
one rate tickets for the round trip. The  
information regarding when and at  
what stations tickets will be for sale,  
will be furnished in due time. With  
these liberal provisions it is hoped Ariz-  
ona will make a creditable representa-  
tion at the meeting.

**Important to Cattlemen.**  
DINWIDDIE STOCKMEN.  
The present rate at which cattle are  
assessed is exorbitant and should be  
revised. The law says that property  
shall be assessed at its "cash value,"  
that is, what it would bring if put up  
at sale. We all know that there is no  
basis of cattle in Cochise county that  
would bring \$12 per head, all around,  
if put at auction to-day, the price at  
which they are assessed. We have put  
our cattle in at \$8 per head, and pro-  
pose to resist the collection of taxes on  
them at a higher rate. Will other  
stockmen stand in with us? If your  
assessments have already been made,  
hasten to file your protests, and give  
notice that you will resist the collec-  
tion of taxes at the present rate. If  
stockmen will stand in together and  
resist the attempted outrageous rate  
they will be able to effect a collection.  
THOS. F. WHITE,  
President Chiricahua Cattle Co.

Mr. John H. Norton returned from  
Fort Huachuca Sunday night. On  
arriving here he was well pleased on  
finding a telegram from New York  
awaiting him, announcing that he had  
been awarded the contract to furnish  
1,000,000 pounds of beef during the  
coming fiscal year to the Indians on  
the San Carlos Agency. The figure at  
which Mr. Norton is awarded the con-  
tract is a good one. Among other im-  
portant contracts that this gentleman  
has secured is one for twelve hundred  
tons of hay at Fort Grant. There is  
no more energetic and progressive busi-  
ness man in Arizona than John H.  
Norton.—Stockman.

The finest turnout in the country  
and the best stock at Drew & Bam-  
rick's livery stable.

## Newspapers.

Too many people labor under the  
impression that newspapers should be pa-  
per of excellence whether they are pa-  
per of or not. They expect to see a  
paper full of news, yet they will not  
contribute a farthing to its support.  
Very often the remark is made: "I  
will give you an ad, or a subscription,  
to help you along." Newspaper men  
are not objects of charity and do not  
labor as such. They give more than  
value received for all business in the  
way of advertising they get. These  
men who take this charity view of the  
matter are unmindful that the adver-  
tising columns of a newspaper are the  
basis of the prosperity of their own  
town or city. A live paper full of busi-  
ness advertisements is indicative of the  
welfare of a town, and is the best re-  
presentation that could possibly be made.  
They attract home-seekers to a locality  
that would otherwise not come. Cap-  
italists who are in search of landed in-  
vestments are attracted by them. Of  
course all advertisements help the  
newspaper man, as a sale of goods  
help the business man, but at the same  
time, it benefits the one who adver-  
tises to a much greater extent  
than it does the publisher. Any town  
can have a good paper, and it receives  
a business establishment. Advertising has  
done more to enrich men than any-  
thing else in the world. A man who  
fully understands what newspapers are,  
and what they do, never puts in an  
advertisement to help the printer  
along, but does it exclusively to be-  
nefit himself. It is a matter of legiti-  
mate business, and not one of charity.  
Encourage the business interests of  
the printer, as he encourages the  
growth and business interests of your  
town, county and state, and a live,  
energetic and newsy paper will fol-  
low.

## A New Arizona Road.

The Cleveland Plaindealer of May  
21st says: The arrangements are  
being made for building the Tucson,  
Globe & Northern railroad. The com-  
pany succeeds the old Arizona Narrow  
Gauge Company, will construct a  
standard gauge line from Tucson to  
Globe, 110 miles, with a twenty-mile  
branch into the Deer creek coal fields.  
The bonds are \$2,000,000. The building  
of the 130 miles is under contract and  
will be pushed to completion as  
rapidly as possible. The company has  
a contract with the Southern Pacific  
for a drawback on all freight inter-  
changed with the Southern Pacific will  
give the Tucson, Globe & Northern 50  
cents per ton on all freight which earns  
the former less than 2 cents per ton  
per mile, and \$1 per ton on all freight  
earnings over 2 cents per ton per mile.  
The road's principal traffic will come  
from the coal fields, which are de-  
scribed as very rich. The building of  
the 130 miles is under contract and  
will be pushed to completion as  
rapidly as possible. The company has  
a contract with the Southern Pacific  
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**F. A. ODERMATT,**  
OPERATIVE AND PROSTHETIC  
**DENTIST,**  
No. 213 Front Street, up stairs.  
Special attention paid to correcting irregularities  
in children's teeth.  
Deformities of the mouth, either congenital or  
acquired, corrected mechanically.  
Artificial Dentures made on Gold, Platinum or  
Vulcanite base.

**JULIUS LUEDKE,**  
—DEALER IN—  
**Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Spectacles.**  
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired  
and re-wound.  
Orders sent to the Florence Hotel or  
sent by mail or express will  
be promptly attended to.  
FINAL - - - ARIZONA

**JOHN A. BLACK,**  
—Dealer in—  
**WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY**

**FLORENCE BREWERY.**  
I wish to announce to my customers and  
patrons that I am still in my old stand in this  
place and manufacture the  
**Finest Beer in the Territory,**  
Which I offer for sale by the  
Keg, Gallon, Bottle or Glass.  
A finer article is not found in the  
Territory. All orders  
promptly filled.  
Beer forwarded to Silver King, Minera  
Hill and other Mining Camps.  
**Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars**  
Sold over my bar.  
**PETER WILL, Proprietor.**

**CASH STORE.**  
Keeps a full assortment of  
**General Merchandise.**  
DRUGS & NOTIONS. Strictly a cash business.  
J. N. DENIER, Proprietor.

**LONE STAR STORE,**  
FLORENCE, ARIZONA.  
J. B. MICHEA  
DEALER IN  
**GENERAL MERCH**